

THE CANADIAN FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE—AN AFFAIR TO BE TAKEN.

The Canadian papers bring us details of the proceedings in the case of the fugitive slave Anderson. A majority of the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench, sitting at Toronto, decided in favor of the rendition of the prisoner. Chief Justice Robinson delivered the opinion of the Court. On Saturday counsel for prisoner gave notice of appeal. The Chief Justice said there was no rule upon which an appeal could be claimed, but if the Court of Appeals chose to entertain the matter, the Court of Queen's Bench would offer no opposition. The prisoner remains, in the meantime, at the disposal of the government, and will not be surrendered until all legal means have failed.

The history of this case is briefly as follows: John Anderson, the prisoner, was the slave of Moses Benton, in Howard county, Missouri, from 1844 to 1853. In the latter year Benton sold him to one McDonald, who lived in Saline county, in the same state. McDonald's residence was about thirty-two miles distant from that of Benton. The wife of Anderson lived with Samuel Brown, in Howard county, about two miles from Benton's place. In September, 1853, Anderson ran away from his master (McDonald) and took refuge on Brown's farm, where he remained for three weeks. On the 26th of that month he was discovered by one Seneca T. P. Digges, who demanded his pay, and in the meantime, and will not be surrendered until all legal means have failed.

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DOUGLAS' COMPROMISES.

On the 24th of December, Mr. Douglas introduced a Joint Resolution into the Senate proposing amendments to the Constitution of the United States, with a view of restoring peace and preserving the Union. His proposition was read a first and second time, and referred to the Committee of Thirteen. It is as follows:

JOINT RESOLUTION.

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, (two-thirds of both Houses concurring), That the following articles be, and are hereby proposed and submitted as amendments to the Constitution of the United States, which shall be valid, to all intents and purposes, as part of said Constitution, when ratified by Conventions of three-fourths of the several States.

ARTICLE XIII.

Congress shall make no laws in respect to slavery or servitude in any Territory of the United States, and the status of each Territory in respect to servitude, as the same now exists by law, shall remain unchanged until the Territory, with such boundaries as Congress may prescribe, shall have a population of fifty thousand white inhabitants, when the white male citizens thereof over the age of twenty-one years may proceed to form a constitution and government for themselves, and exercise all the rights of self-government consistent with the Constitution of the United States; and when such new State shall contain the requisite population for a member of Congress, according to the three Federal ratio of representation, it shall be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States, with or without slavery, as the constitution of such new State shall provide at the time of admission; and in the mean time such new State shall be entitled to one delegate in the Senate, to be chosen by the Legislature, and one delegate in the House of Representatives, to be chosen by the people having the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the Legislature; and said delegates shall have all the rights and privileges of Senator and Representative, respectively, except that of voting.

Sec. 2. No territory shall be acquired by the United States except by treaty or by the concurrent vote of two-thirds of each House of Congress, and when so acquired the status thereof in

respect to servitude, as it existed at the time of acquisition, shall remain unchanged until it shall contain the population aforesaid for the formation of new States, when it shall be subject to the terms, conditions, and privileges herein provided for the existing Territories.

Sec. 3. The area of all new States shall be as nearly uniform in size as may be practicable, having due regard to convenient boundaries and natural capacities; and shall not be less than sixty nor more than eighty thousand square miles, except in case of islands which may contain less than that amount.

Sec. 4. The second and third clauses of the second section of the fourth article of the Constitution, which provides for delivering up fugitives from justice and fugitives from service or labor, shall have the same force in the Territories and new States as in the States of the Union; and the said clauses in respect to fugitives from justice shall be construed to include all crimes committed within and against the laws of the State from which the fugitive fled, whether the acts charged be criminal or not in the State where the fugitive was found.

Sec. 5. The second section of the third article of the Constitution, in respect to the judicial power of the United States, shall be deemed applicable to the Territories and new States as well as to the States of the Union.

ARTICLE XIV.

Sec. 1. The elective franchise and the right to hold office, whether Federal, State, Territorial, or Municipal, shall not be exercised by persons of the African race, in whole or in part.

Sec. 2. The United States shall have power to acquire, from time to time, districts of country in Africa and South America for the colonization, at the expense of the Federal Treasury, of such free negroes and mulattoes as the several States may wish to have removed from their limits, and from the District of Columbia and other places as may be under the jurisdiction of Congress.

Sec. 3. Congress shall have no power to abolish slavery in the places under its exclusive jurisdiction and situated within the limits of States that permit the holding of slaves.

Sec. 4. Congress shall have no power to abolish slavery within the District of Columbia so long as it exists in the adjoining States of Virginia and Maryland, or either, nor without the consent of the inhabitants, nor without just compensation first made to such owners of slaves as do not consent to such abolition. Nor shall Congress at any time prohibit officers of the Federal Government or members of Congress, whose duties require them to be in said District, from bringing with them their slaves and holding them as such during the time their duties may require them to remain there, and afterwards taking them from the District.

Sec. 5. Congress shall have no power to prohibit or hinder the transportation of slaves from one State to another, or to a Territory in which slaves are permitted by law to be held, whether such transportation be by land, navigable rivers or by sea; but the African slave trade shall be forever suppressed, and it shall be the duty of Congress to make such laws as shall be necessary and effectual to prevent the migration or importation of slaves or persons owing service or labor, into the United States from any foreign country.

Sec. 6. In addition to the provisions of the third paragraph of the second section of the fourth article of the Constitution, Congress shall have power to provide by law, and it shall be its duty so to provide, that the United States shall pay to the owner, who shall apply for it the full value of his fugitive slave in all cases when the marshal, or other officer, whose duty it was to arrest said fugitive, was prevented from so doing by violence or intimidation, or when, after arrest, said fugitive was rescued by force, and the owner thereby prevented and obstructed in the pursuit of his remedy for the recovery of his fugitive slave under the said clause of the Constitution and the laws made in pursuance thereof. And in all such cases when the United States shall pay for such fugitives, they shall have the right in their own name to sue the county in which said violence, intimidation, or rescue was committed, and to recover from it, with interest and damages, the amount paid by them for said fugitive slave. And the said county, after it has paid said amount to the United States, may, for its indemnity, sue and recover from the wrong doers or rescuers by whom the owner was prevented from the recovery of his fugitive slave in like manner as the owner himself might have sued and recovered.

Sec. 7. No future amendment of the Constitution shall effect this and the preceding articles, nor the third paragraph of the second section of the first article of the Constitution, nor the third paragraph of the second section of the fourth article of said Constitution, and no amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give to Congress any power to abolish or interfere with slavery in any of the States by whose laws it is, or may be allowed or sanctioned.

From the *Frankfort Weekly Times*, of Friday.

THE LAGO CASE—THE OHIO AND KENTUCKY GOVERNORS.

We learn by private letter from Washington, that Col. Monroe has secured the services of Hon. Humphrey Marshall, Hon. John J. Crittenden, and Hon. L. W. Powell, as counsel in the LAGO case, not less than two of whom will argue it before the Supreme Court. After consultation, it was proposed to enter on Friday (yesterday) a motion for a rule against Gov. Dennison to show cause why a writ should not be granted. This proceeding will bring up all the questions, and it is the result in the decision that the Court has jurisdiction, or that its mandatory process will not reach the Executive of Ohio, or again, that the act of Congress imposing upon the Governor of a State an agency in carrying out an act of Congress is unconstitutional, then the necessity of additional legislation to give vitality to the clause of the Constitution in which the case arises will at least be clearly demonstrated. We understand, further, that a bill will be introduced into Congress, as soon as the decision of the Court shall show the necessity of such a measure.

The constitutional question and practical interests involved in the LAGO case make it one of great importance to the people of all the slaveholding States. It is not necessary to investigate the merits of this particular case to show that it would be a precedent dangerous to Kentucky to submit to the action of the Governor of Ohio as a final decision. Whether the masses assigned by the Ohio Executive (which are familiar to our readers) for his refusal to issue a warrant for the arrest of the fugitive from justice, in compliance with the demands of Gov. Magoffin, be good or specious, the question remains, is his decision finally obligatory? Is there no mode by which to test the merits of the question raised, and no means whereby his compliance with the Constitution can be inferred?

These, we understand, are the questions proposed to be made in the U. S. Supreme Court. These questions gather importance and have their magnitude illustrated in the case now presented. If there be no revision of the action of Gov. Dennison, and, when revised, if there be no means whereby he can be compelled to issue the warrant provided for in the statute, then indeed is the whole slave property of the State at the mercy of the "underground railway" agents and negro stealers of the North. The case is thus far one of great practical importance to our people, and it will be of interest to them to know that Gov. Magoffin has taken every necessary step to bring it to a speedy solution, and has instructed its prosecution in the court to the hands of lawyers and statesmen competent to the discussion of the great question it presents. Col. Monroe has so far discharged his duties as the agent and attorney of the State with great fidelity and discretion.

BURLESQUE WASHINGTON DESPATCHES.

Vanity Fair has the following telegrams borrowing the leading New York Daily:

In the style of the Herald.
WASHINGTON, December 1.—The excitement rages terrifically. A financial crisis has paralyzed all business. A private session of the Cabinet was held last night, when trouble arose between Mr. Buchanan and the Secretary of the Interior. High words were exchanged, but they did not come to blows. I am not permitted to divulge the reason why they did not. This news you may rely upon, as I have it from the highest authority. It has been disclosed to no one else.

LATER.
The absurd rumor that appeared in some of the papers, this morning, concerning a difficulty in the Cabinet last night, is totally without foundation. I have this denial from the very best source.

In the style of the Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Dec.—There is no excitement whatever here. Mr. Buchanan will probably resign in favor of Mr. Lincoln, within a few days. The Southern delegates are all enthusiastic Union men, and some of them hold strong Republican principles. One hears nothing of secession anywhere. Business was never more prosperous. One of the Senators from South Carolina will shortly introduce a bill for the better enforcement of the personal-liberty bills in the North.

LATER.
The excitement is rapidly decreasing.

In the style of the Times.

WASHINGTON, December.—Unless something happens immediately, it will be some time before anything occurs. The tone of the South is not very favorable to Abolitionism, and if South Carolina successfully secedes, nothing can prevent her going out of the Union. Trouble in the Cabinet was reported last night, but unless supported by facts the rumor can have little foundation. The excitement here, in political circles, is not so great as it was before it began to subside, but is still greater than before it reached its present height.

LATER.
If there is no difficulty all will be well.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE IN CANADA.

From the *Montreal Gazette*, December 17.

The whole province will hear with regret that in the case of Anderson, the fugitive slave arrested for slaying one of his pursuers who was attempting to take him back into bondage, a majority of the Court of Queen's Bench of Upper Canada (consisting of Chief Justice Robinson and Judge Burns) has decided that the offence is of such a nature as to bring it within the provisions of the Ashburton treaty, and that he must be handed over to the United States authorities, to be dealt with according to the barbarous law of the State from which he has escaped. We confess ourselves surprised at this result, and are glad that Anderson's counsel has given notice of appeal. We sincerely hope that a majority of the nine judges will be found imbued with that spirit of British law which requires an interpretation of all doubtful points in favor of the liberty of the subject.

We are perfectly satisfied that the judgment given is a very honest and dispassionate one, given under a profound sense of responsibility and duty. But we are not the less convinced that it is in absolute opposition to that humane rule of British law which we have already cited as favoring the liberty of the subject. Stripped of all local and technical surroundings, the ruling stands thus: Missouri law says that slaying a man in self-defence is murder; therefore, for the purpose of the Ashburton treaty, slaying in self-defence committed in Missouri must be held to be murder in Canada.

For the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

LETTER FROM A FUGITIVE.

TORONTO, C. W., Dec. 28, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR: From the sympathy manifested by yourself and others towards me when in Spain, it seems to me neither presumptuous nor unreasonable for me to let you know my "whereabouts." I am here under the protection of Queen Victoria. It seems rather singular to find security under English Monarchy, from the wrongs and injustice of American Democracy. But so it is. The greater the value of the genuine article—the worse its counterfeit. Sham democracy has the most faithless depths of meanness and servility. The United States authorities at Cleveland seem very anxious to drive us into a quasi trial, and sacrifice us as "a peace offering," to quiet the terrors of the "unfriendly" democracy, and keep their Southern masters in the Union. They are particularly wretched because we don't consent to their patriotic desires, and quickly yield our backs to their judicial stripes, and our necks to their halberds. Men men are generally cowards. They are always ready to make peace with those they fear, by the exercise of any injustice and tyranny towards any they have power to oppress. We are keeping out of their reach for a short time. It is not from the expectation of any sympathy from the new administration, but to avoid a forced verdict from a packed and prejudiced jury under the old. I am really free from both charges in the indictment. I think my companions in prosecution are all clear. For what was really done, I find no repentance. My only sorrow is, that the poor fellow who was taken South, was not found and rescued, and his captors treated to a small dose of "argumentum bootlacum." The "Daily National Democrat" in Cleveland, obtained quite a deliverance of abuse towards me. He treats me to the largest share. I feel complimented by the honor done me. The abuse of such donkeys is a credit to their commendation a disgrace.

The case has given us trouble, and will give us

more. For three months previous to reaching the soil of Canada, I have not spent a day without some prospect of an arrest. An arrest for obeying God's "higher law," and taking the side of His outraged poor! Fines and imprisonment probably yet await us. These things are unpleasant, but better men have fared worse: God has always carried on great reforms, at the expense of human suffering. Christians were burned at a thousand piles, in the first spread of gospel truth. After fifteen centuries, Luther found human nature no better—nor did Lortz and John Brown in our age, find exemption from the common fate of human benefactors. Why should we be an exception? It would be pleasant, did we know that ours would be the last necessary for the good of the slave, but probably it will not. No one knows but darker days are yet before us. Till the bubbles of the slave is sounded, such as follow the golden rule towards him, will suffer.

Yesterday I visited Anderson, the fugitive from Missouri—who killed his pursuer in making his escape from slavery. He has been demanded as a murderer—under the Federal interpretation of the Ashburton Treaty, and the Court here manifests a disposition to deliver him up. An appeal is under consideration—public sympathy is awakened, and the hope and probability now is, that his rendition will be refused. A very large and deeply interested meeting was held here on his behalf, some ten days since. Several clergymen made noble speeches. That of Dr. Willis (whose hospitality I am now enjoying), was particularly eloquent, and effective. He is a warm-hearted, and noble Scotchman, who ably opposed the course of the Free Church, in her pro-slavery course in 1844, when she received the aid collected in our slaveholding States. You will find an article from his pen, in Miss Julia Griffiths' "Autographs for freedom," pp. 151-5. The mainly deliverances of these ministers are a refreshing contrast to the drivellings of our D. D.'s, generally in the United States.

The people of Montreal were moving in the matter at the last point of information, from them. In fact the hearts of the people seem entirely on the side of the prisoner. The case is to us one of deep interest, yet it really seems a very simple one. Should the act of the man in killing his pursuer be judged by the Missouri slave code, and branded murder; or by the judgment of Canada, and indeed of all Christendom, outside the slave states, and labeled homicide? Surely a Canadian court should have sufficient self respect to put her own estimate on the act charged, and not bow to the dictation of the slave power. If this man be a murderer, so were Wallace and Tall, Washington and Garibaldi. In defence of freedom they swept off embattled squadrons; whilst this man struck down a human bloodhound who was baying on his track. Should such a man be given up to judicial murder, or to perhaps burned by the tender mercies of a Missouri mob?

Hon. Gerrit Smith, with his characteristic magnanimity and benevolence, came over to see and comfort the prisoner and labor for his release. He will probably return when the case will be again taken up in February, and should it be appealed to England, he may cross the Ocean and try to aid in his deliverance there. Surely England will not ignore the noble sentiment of her greatest statesman, by a judicial acknowledgment of the rights of a man who has been held in slavery in man. Should the angel of freedom be hanted from the soil of Britain, where will be found a resting place?

I hope the South will secede. Were there any probability of emancipation with a continuance of the Union, it would be different.

Yours for truth and freedom.

GEO. GORDON.

For the Bugle.

NUMBER 4.

MR. JONES: Before showing, as promised in my third number, the utter fallacy and imminent danger of adopting the European doctrine of Abolitionism, now claimed for the Federal Government over the sovereign States of this Union, it may not be amiss, as South Carolina, acting in her high sovereign capacity, has by a unanimous vote of her Convention, repealed her ordinance of 1788, which ratified and adopted the Federal Constitution, and hereby severed, for good or for evil, her connection with her co-States, to show where, under the now popular theory of "Associatism," the power, (for right is out of the question,) to secede her into sublimation resides.

I will begin with Congress, which, from the popularity given to "Associatism" by Gen. Jackson in his Proclamation of December the 10th, 1832, will no doubt either with or without the recommendation of the Executive department, commence coercive measures to reduce South Carolina into a state of vassalage.

Taking, as in my third number, the census of 1850 and the States (South Carolina excepted) then in the Union as the basis of my calculation, it will be seen that sixteen of the small States, with a population of but four millions, have in the Senate of the United States the power to pass or defeat any law or resolution in regard to the secession of South Carolina. And this too, recollect, in utter defiance of the will of nineteen millions of the people of the fourteen large States. Omitting fractions in both cases, let us subtract from these sixteen millions of people in the fourteen large States, the four millions of people in the sixteen small States, and we then have the astounding fact standing out in bold relief, that thirteen millions of the good and guileless, but deeply interested people of this tameless, unchristianized and imaginary "Nation," are, in all intents and purposes, absolutely and unjustly deprived by our "Glorious Constitution," of any participation in the United States Senate in deciding the question—a question vital to the very existence of the States. True, these very disfranchised citizens may console themselves by the fact that they may be thought worthy to be "drafted" to fight under the "Black Banner of Abolitionism," against those sacred rights of self-government, promulgated to the world in its sublime and non-chattering language of Thomas Jefferson, namely, "that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; and that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

I now appeal to you my fellow-citizens, of every party and sect, and ask if you are ready to enlist under the "Black Banner of Abolitionism," to wage, at the noon of the nineteenth century of the Christian era, a bloody and relentless civil war, of perhaps, interminable length, to crush out liberty by the annihilation of the sovereign States, and to build up on their ruins, the last hope for humanity, a consolidated despotism more humiliating to its conquered vanquished than that of Rensselaire, because by professing to be a free representative government, its yoke is rendered doubly irksome.

The crisis which will thoroughly test the capacity of our people for self-government, is now upon us. South Carolina has passed the Rubicon. If she was, according to the doctrine laid down in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798, a sovereign party to the Federal Constitution, and her co-States forming as to her the other party, then she cannot retreat with honor because she is in the right, and to back out now, would not only disgrace her, and her Anglo-Saxon ancestry, but bury forever the hope of securing reserved rights of the States from the iron grasp of a consolidated despotism.

But it is said by both Douglas Democrats and Lincoln Republicans, that South Carolina is actuated by a hope to perpetuate Slavery, and that this unworthy purpose should be defeated by coercing her into submission. This argument might do for my friend Mr. Goodell, but not for my Garrisonian friends who say, (and I begin to think with much reason,) "that a dissolution of this guilty Union is the main hope for the overthrow of slavery." This argument, however, comes with a bad force from Douglas Democrats and Lincoln Republicans. The former assert "that the states and the territories both, have the right to establish and maintain slavery." The latter in their "Chicago Platform," though they deny this right to "Congress," or to "a Territorial Legislature," assert that "the right of each State to order and assert its own domestic institutions, (which certainly includes slavery) according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depends." Here then, the Lincoln Republicans undisguisedly assert, that South Carolina has a right to enslave her present servile population; and further, that this right "is essential to the perfection and endurance of our political fabric."

According to this political heresy, South Carolina has the right to hold slaves; and if she does this "right" to be among the other rights which she adopted the Federal Constitution "to secure," and that the Federal Government has "become destructive of these ends, it is the right of her people to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

Having shown that the Lincoln Republicans concede to South Carolina the "right" to enslave their fellow beings, it really seems to me to be their imperative duty, in every State where they have the power, to repeal every law that in any manner or form infringes upon, or curtails that acknowledged right. They also admit the constitutionality of the Fugitive slave law, they should then, in good faith, exert themselves individually and collectively, as good law-abiding and law-enforcing citizens, to have this righteous "Higher Law" of this "Christian Nation" enforced. In addition to these concessions let the Lincoln Republicans use every constitutional means in their power, to stop "Northern fanaticism" from their "unfriendly interference with the slaveholding States." I do not mean the enactment of laws to curtail the freedom of speech, or of the press, but the adoption of such measures as will teach such men as Senator Sumner, that if they expect place and power, they must cease to call "slavery a system of barbarism," for if this be true, then slaveholders are barbarians. Now, is it asking too much of the Republicans, to make these concessions to the South, in order, if possible, to avoid a bloody civil war? I would not make these, or any other concessions to the South, because they have the "right to secede," but those who deny this "right" to secede, and yet concede to it the "right" to enslave "one half of its citizens," are bound upon every principle of honor to make these concessions to avoid a civil war.

To the Douglas Democrats let me exhibit their old political creed, and see if these time-honored principles will not stay their hands from civil war. The 1st Resolution of Kentucky in 1798 against the Alien and Sedition Acts, as drafted by Thomas Jefferson, emphatically asserts: "That to this compact each State acceded as a State, and is an integral party; that this Government, created by this compact, was not made the exclusive or final judge of the powers delegated to itself, since that would have made its discretion, and not the constitution, the measure of its powers; but that, as in all other cases of compact among parties having no common judge, EACH PARTY has an EQUAL RIGHT TO JUDGE FOR ITSELF, AS WELL OF INFRACTIONS AS OF THE MODE AND MEASURES OF REDRESS."

Will you, Douglas Democrats, repudiate your time-honored creed, adopt that of Hamiltonian Federalism, and embroil the sovereign States of this Confederacy in civil war? If so, upon you, and those who act with you, will rest the solemn responsibility, for South Carolina has acted strictly upon the principles promulgated for the last sixty-four years, by the Democratic party.

The alarming powers now claimed for the Supreme Court will be examined in my next number.

B. G. WRIGHT.

RURAL, ILLINOIS, Dec. 25, 1860.

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But it is said by both Douglas Democrats and Lincoln Republicans, that South Carolina is actuated by a hope to perpetuate Slavery, and that this unworthy purpose should be defeated by coercing her into submission. This argument might do for my friend Mr. Goodell, but not for my Garrisonian friends who say, (and I begin to think with much reason,) "that a dissolution of this guilty Union is the main hope for the overthrow of slavery." This argument, however, comes with a bad force from Douglas Democrats and Lincoln Republicans. The former assert "that the states and the territories both, have the right to establish and maintain slavery." The latter in their "Chicago Platform," though they deny this right to "Congress," or to "a Territorial Legislature," assert that "the right of each State to order and assert its own domestic institutions, (which certainly includes slavery) according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depends." Here then, the Lincoln Republicans undisguisedly assert, that South Carolina has a right to enslave her present servile population; and further, that this right "is essential to the perfection and endurance of our political fabric."

According to this political heresy, South Carolina has the right to hold slaves; and if she does this "right" to be among the other rights which she adopted the Federal Constitution "to secure," and that the Federal Government has "become destructive of these ends, it is the right of her people to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

Having shown that the Lincoln Republicans concede to South Carolina the "right" to enslave their fellow beings, it really seems to me to be their imperative duty, in every State where they have the power, to repeal every law that in any manner or form infringes upon, or curtails that acknowledged right. They also admit the constitutionality of the Fugitive slave law, they should then, in good faith, exert themselves individually and collectively, as good law-abiding and law-enforcing citizens, to have this righteous "Higher Law" of this "Christian Nation" enforced. In addition to these concessions let the Lincoln Republicans use every constitutional means in their power, to stop "Northern fanaticism" from their "unfriendly interference with the slaveholding States." I do not mean the enactment of laws to curtail the freedom of speech, or of the press, but the adoption of such measures as will teach such men as Senator Sumner, that if they expect place and power, they must cease to call "slavery a system of barbarism," for if this be true, then slaveholders are barbarians. Now, is it asking too much of the Republicans, to make these concessions to the South, in order, if possible, to avoid a bloody civil war? I would not make these, or any other concessions to the South, because they have the "right to secede," but those who deny this "right" to secede, and yet concede to it the "right" to enslave "one half of its citizens," are bound upon every principle of honor to make these concessions to avoid a civil war.

To the Douglas Democrats let me exhibit their old political creed, and see if these time-honored principles will not stay their hands from civil war. The 1st Resolution of Kentucky in 1798 against the Alien and Sedition Acts, as drafted by Thomas Jefferson, emphatically asserts: "That to this compact each State acceded as a State, and is an integral party; that this Government, created by this compact, was not made the exclusive or final judge of the powers delegated to itself, since that would have made its discretion, and not the constitution, the measure of its powers; but that, as in all other cases of compact among parties having no common judge, EACH PARTY has an EQUAL RIGHT TO JUDGE FOR ITSELF, AS WELL OF INFRACTIONS AS OF THE MODE AND MEASURES OF REDRESS."

Will you, Douglas Democrats, repudiate your time-honored creed, adopt that of Hamiltonian Federalism, and embroil the sovereign States of this Confederacy in civil war? If so, upon you, and those who act with you, will rest the solemn responsibility, for South Carolina has acted strictly upon the principles promulgated for the last sixty-four years, by the Democratic party.

The alarming powers now claimed for the Supreme Court will be examined in my next number.

B. G. WRIGHT.

RURAL, ILLINOIS, Dec. 25, 1860.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"FUGITIVE SLAVE" was MADE UP BY ACTOR AND PLAYERS AT "GUTHRIE"—John Brown of Ohio.

SALEM, OHIO, JANUARY 5, 1861.

TO NON-SUBSCRIBERS WHO RECEIVE THE BUGLE.

Non-subscribers need not decline receiving the Bugle, fearing that they will be called upon to pay for it. We send no paper—except gratis copies—unless paid for in advance. So we say to each of the above class, the paper is either sent to you as a gratuity by the publishers, or else paid for in your name by some friend.

OUR BROTHERS THE TRINIDAD.—The Ohio Statesman, in commenting upon an editorial of the New York Tribune uses the following language, which we transfer to our columns because of the novel idea therein presented, that the Tribune is following in the wake of the *Bugle*:

"The extreme men, North and South, hold the same sentiments in regard to the Union, and adopt almost, word for word, the same expressions. The only paper we know of in Ohio, that boldly advocates the constitutional right of secession, is the *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, published at Salem, in Columbus county. The *Bugle* is a rash Abolition sheet of the Garrison school, and argues in favor

of secession with an earnestness and ingenuity that are only rivaled by some of the ablest Disunion journals in South Carolina and Georgia. The *Bugle* itself follows the lead of its brother, the *Argle*, but keeps at a respectable distance, contenting itself with being only a half-way Secessionist. It says tauntingly, 'In God's name, let the South go out of the Union, if it wants it.'"

DOUGLAS' COMPROMISES.

The word compromise has

Miscellaneous.

MY WINTER BOUQUET.

BY MRS. C. E. COLBY.

November's sun had blessed the day
With something of the summer's glow,
And in the West its lingering ray
Was slowly fading, as if loth to go.
Reluctant summer smiled again
Joyous, even by stealth, to reign.

I sought amid the autumn leaves
The few pale fingers of Flora's train—
The lady buds that Autumn weaves,
Like smiles into her brow of pain—
As I would treasure from the past,
Memories of bliss that may not last.

The gay chrysanthemum, autumn's queen—
And her gorgeous neighbor Miss Mary-Gold—
Were radiant in vestments of green,
Embroidered with orange—fringed with gold.
Trusting, but frail, the convulsions smiled—
Strung in its weakness, pure as a child.

The pansy breathed from a sheltered nook
The odorous blessing of her life on the air—
Delicious as roses buried in a book
Which the hand of a lover placed there.
Warm in their hearts was the sweet perfume,
The sunshine and song, the gladness of June.

Bright with crimson or pale with snow,
Petals are blooming in beauty still,
Hardy and strong—rejoicing to grow
In August's heat, or Autumn's chill;
Like a spirit that's patient and strong,
Cheerfully bearing the trial the heavy and long.

The sweet pea climbs by my window sill
And nods and smiles through the pane,
Bidding me cherish no thoughts of ill,
But hope through the darkness, for light again.
Less dear in the spring time its early bloom,
Than its late pale flowers now in my room.

There were crimson berries from the rose-tree,
And scarlet clusters from the mountain ash,
Mingled with leaves where I could see
The gorgeous hues of the rainbow dash.
I knew the Frost-King with his Pencil rare,
Had been trying his strange experiments there.

I bore them away to brighten my room;
And beauty and joy their presence can bring,
Can cheer me in sadness, lighten my gloom,
And silently whisper all the gladness of spring.
I steadfastly gaze on my winter bouquet
And fancy the earth is radiant as May.

I see not the trees that are leafless and bare,
The fields that are whitened with snow,
But fancy the orchard is scenting the air,
And lilacs and roses beginning to blow,
That the wild violet in its leafy dell,
Its sweet romance, is waiting to tell.

And my heart leaps up with a joyous bound,
My spirit breathes its letters of care,
And again I trip on the dew-bright ground,
Or soar on fancy's borrowed pinions of air—
Ah, thus would I cherish in the winter of Time
All the flowers that I loved in my prime.

CHERRY VALLEY, Ohio, Dec. 6, 1860.

DOWN A CREVASSE.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

I arrived at Chamouny on the 6th of Aug., 1859, with a friend and companion, an Englishman like myself. We two had been about five weeks in Switzerland, and in that time had "done" everything considered necessary by our countrymen. We had acquired some experience in the glacier business, having ascended the Altit Horn, whose summit had been reached for the first time by an Englishman, a member of the Alpine Club, only two months before. We made the ascent successfully, and were proud of having been the second exploring party to stand upon its lofty peak nearly fourteen thousand feet high. On that occasion we passed two whole days upon the snow and glacier.

I remember well the first glimpse I had had of one of those terrible crevasses which intersect glaciers. Getting a guide to hold my hand, I leaned over its yawning brink, and gazed carefully into the fatuous abyss. The two perpendicular walls of ice appeared to join together about three hundred feet down; an appearance resulting from the cohesiveness of the crevasses. Usually, I believe, the great split ends only where the glacier touches the ground beneath.

"No one who falls into one of these ever comes out alive," said one of the guides. "Yes," said another, "a man once escaped, and still lives at the Grindelwald; he was a chamois hunter, and was returning home alone over a glacier, his foot slipped, and he was precipitated into a crevasse. His fall was broken by projecting ledges and blocks of ice, which, however, gave way as he clung to them. After falling three hundred feet, he reached the bottom of the glacier, with a leg and an arm broken. He found a hollow space between the ground and the ice, through which a stream of water ran. Instinctively he followed its course, despite the pain he endured, and after crawling along for three hours, found himself freed from the glacier."

Ordinary crevasses are from three to eight feet wide at the top, but the sides approach each other rapidly, so that a man would be wedged up between the two walls of ice long before he could reach the bottom. And then unless there should be ropes at hand long enough and strong enough, what a awful death! An unfortunate Russian gentleman perished thus in a crevasse only last year, half frozen, half squeezed to death, the heat of his body ever melting the ice, he ever sinking deeper and deeper into his dreadful grave.

My companion and I ascended the Brevent, and as few climbing travelers leave Chamouny without visiting the Mer de Glace, and the Jardin, we arranged to make that excursion. To shorten our day's work we left Chamouny in the evening and slept at Montanvert, a solitary little mountain on the edge of the Mer de Glace.

We were up betimes in the morning. We provided ourselves with some oatmeal and wine, and started with our guide, whom we had brought with us from Chamouny. It was a glorious morning, and promised well for our expedition. Our road for about half an hour, was along an uneven path which skirted along the edge of the glacier, which lay below us on our left hand, very much creased and covered with debris. The path then came to an end, and the guide said we must now take to the glacier for a short distance. We descended on it, and threaded our way among the numerous crevasses.

The excursion to the Mer de Glace not being looked upon as a regular glacier expedition, it was made with the attendant precaution of axes or ropes. We had neither. We were in high spirits, and went along at a great rate; so quick, indeed, that our guide, who had fallen behind, cautioned us once or twice, and requested us to allow him to take and keep the lead.

Just then our progress was arrested by a wide crevasse. Looking to the left, I perceived that it terminated, about twenty feet from us, in a steep slope of ice which I thought I could easily climb. As the crevasse was about sixty yards long, I determined to try this slope rather than go round by the other end.

Using my Alpinstock instead of an ax, therefore, I began making foot-holes in the ice with it. The guide had now come up with us. He looked at the ice slope and the wide crevasse, and said very seriously, "It is dangerous, let us go round." By this time I had, by the aid of my Alpinstock, climbed about half way up the slope of ice. I had already come to the conclusion that it was too steep to scale without an ax, and had determined to retreat my steps. So, when the guide had spoken, I reached back my right leg, feeling for the last hole I had made in the ice. My foot went past the place, and I felt myself slipping; the smooth surface offered not the least projection that I could grasp, the slope became perpendicular, and I fell head foremost into the yawning crevasse below.

I heard a low cry of despair from my fellow traveler and the guide. My own sensations can not be described, or even distinctly separated from the whirl and shock. I felt that I was being bumped from side to side between the walls of ice, that I was falling a great depth; that I was going to utter destruction; that I had lighted on a horrible death. Suddenly I felt that I was caught by something; that I hung suspended in the air. I was able to take my breath, and to call out for "A rope! a rope!"

By the most extraordinary chance my fall had been arrested by a little ledge of ice which spanned the crevasse like a bridge. On this frail structure, not more than two inches wide at the top, and, (as well as I could judge) about two feet long, I had fallen so that my head hung down on one side, and my feet on the other. Instinctively, I raised myself from this dreadful position to a standing one on the ledge, in which there was a little niche sufficiently wide to admit one foot. I was now so far collected that I could hear and understand my fellow-traveler saying from above, "We never hoped to hear your voice again. For God's sake take heart. The guide has gone to Montanvert for men and ropes; he is running, and will soon be back."

"If he is not," I answered, "I shall never come up alive."

My position was an awful one. The little ledge was so narrow that I could not get both my feet upon it. I was, in fact, supporting myself on one leg, half leaning against one side of the crevasse and pressing my hand against the opposite side. It was perfectly smooth, and there was nothing to grasp. A stream of water poured over my shoulders, drenching me to the skin, and freezing me with its icy coldness. Overhead I could see the narrow strip of blue sky, bounded by the mouth of the crevasse. There was a terrible stolid, unrelenting look in the intensely blue ice that surrounded me on all sides. The grim walls of the crevasse looked as if they would unite and crush me rather than relinquish their victim. Numerous rills of water poured into the crevasse, but along the whole sixty yards of its length I could see no projection except the little ledge on which I had so miraculously obtained to fall.

I ventured to look down, only for an instant into the fearful chasm in which I was suspended. At the depth to which I had fallen, the crevasse was barely two feet wide, but downward it narrowed rapidly, and about two hundred feet below me the sides appeared to join. I believe that if I had fallen six inches on either side of the little ledge, I would have been jammed in head downward, at a depth where no ropes that could have been brought could have possibly reached me.

I had now been about twenty minutes standing in this terribly perilous position, straining every nerve to prevent myself from giving way, looking up at the blue sky above me, and the clear ice on all sides, but seldom daring to cast a glance into the terrible abyss below. Blood was trickling over me from the cut in my cheek, and I felt that my right leg (fortunately the idle one) was badly bruised. In the meanwhile my left leg was becoming exceedingly painful from the strain upon it, and I was afraid of losing my balance if I tried to relieve myself by changing to the other. I felt that I was growing benumbed by the intense cold of the ice against which I was leaning, and of the stream from under which I dared not move.

I called to my fellow traveler to know if any one were in sight. There was no answer. I called again. No human being seemed to be within hearing. A distance came over me as the thought struck me, "He has gone to look if any help is coming, and he cannot find his way back to the crevasse. There are hundreds of them. I am lost."

Again I had to strain every nerve to keep myself from sinking; I almost gave up hope; I felt inclined to throw myself down and have the agony over. At that miserable time I suddenly heard my friend shouting from above. He had gone to look if the guide were yet in sight, and when he turned round to retrace his steps, had been struck down to see the surface of the glacier intersected with innumerable crevasses, all so similar in appearance as to leave him no landmark by which to know my living grave. But, thank Heaven! he had caught sight of a little knapsack left at the mouth of the crevasse, which had directed him back.

I called to him to look at his watch—five minutes more were past. The cold was growing more intense; it is no figure of speech that I felt as if the blood were freezing in my veins. I called to him again to know if any one were in sight. It was thirty-five minutes since the guide had started, but not a soul was visible. Indeed it was most unlikely that the guide could be back so soon, for we ourselves had been three quarters of an hour in coming thus far.

I felt that I could hold out but a very short time longer; besides that I did not know at what time the ledge, which was my only safety, might give way under my weight. I remembered that I had a large sharp knife in my pocket, and I determined to try to rescue myself with it. I called to my fellow traveler above that I was going to attempt it. He implored me not to try, but my situation was becoming so desperate that I did. I began by making a little hold in the ice as high up as I could reach, large enough to admit one hand. My next endeavor was to cut a deep foot hole about two feet above the ledge. I succeeded in this, and found that by placing my foot in it, and holding fast by the place I had made for my

hand, and at the same time pressing my back against the other side, with all my strength, I was able to raise myself and stand firmly in my new position. I again let myself down on the ledge, and cut another foot hole, about two feet above the last. It seemed to me possible that in this manner I might escape from my icy prison; but a single slip or a false step, and I knew I must be precipitated down the crevasse.

I was working diligently at the second foot-hole when I heard a joyful voice shouting from above, "They are in sight—three men with ropes—running as hard as they can!" A few minutes afterward I heard their voices at the mouth of the crevasse.

I stood myself on my terribly narrow footing, so as to be able to seize and attach the rope when thrown to me. I saw the end of the rope dangling over my head. "Merciful God!" It will not reach me! It is too short!" "We have got another rope," was answered from above, and it was knotted on and lowered. I caught the end, and tied it firmly round my waist. Grasping the rope above with both hands, I gave the word. The strain began and I felt that I was safe. In another minute I was standing on the glacier.

I had been fifty minutes in the crevasse, during which time I had not lost consciousness for a single instant. Now, when I found myself on a firm footing once more, an all-pervading sense of gratitude for the wonderful escape came over me and made me faint. The surrounding mountains and the glacier whirled before my eyes, and I should have fallen, but that they held me up. This was soon over, and we prepared to start for Montanvert. Before leaving I took a last look at the mouth of the crevasse which had so nearly been my sepulchre. I saw that it would have been utterly impossible to climb out as I had been trying to do. The month was so wide that, as I approached it, I could have had no support from behind; and without such support, not even a cat could have scaled the perpendicular wall.

Our guide was in a terrible state, and had run the whole way to Montanvert, but could find no rope fit for the purpose in the house. He was in despair and was starting off to Chamouny when two muleteers met him. Their mules were laden with wood fastened on with ropes; he begged hard for the ropes, telling the men that a young Englishman was being frayed to death in a crevasse. They hastily threw the wood from the backs of their mules, and came to my rescue with the guide and brought the ropes with them; knotted together, [it seems there were three in all,] they made a length of about sixty feet, just enough to reach me.

With the assistance of my deliverers I was able to walk slowly back to Montanvert, where I was immediately put into a comfortable bed, where the injuries I had received, (which were insignificant considering the depth I had fallen,) were carefully dressed. I dreamed of unexpressed death, of what had happened, when lying in that bed, and I have dreamed of it in many beds since. I believe that nothing would induce me to go among the ice and snow now without a long and strong rope. I offer the caution to all other travelers in Switzerland, out of a great experience and a great escape.

FROM THE NEW YORK WORLD.

BAKED APPLES.

A homely subject enough, many will say; but an important one nevertheless, in the edible world, and its virtuous tendencies will be evident enough before we get through with it. We are disposed to no glowing eulogy on apples, either raw, roasted, baked, stewed, fried, puddinged, or preserved. We propose to speak simply what we know, what we have already lived on for weeks past, and what we in all honesty recommend to every good housekeeper—most emphatically to those having families of children.

A sweet apple, sound and fair, has a deal of sugar or saccharine in its composition. It is, therefore, nutritious; for sweet apples, raw, will fat cattle, horses, pigs, sheep and poultry. Cooked sweet apples will "fat" children, and make grown people fleshy—"fat" not being, usually, a polite word, as applied to grown persons. Children being more of the animal than "grown folks," are not so fastidious in their classification. But to the matter in question. In every good farmer's house who has an orchard, baked sweet apples are an "institution." In their season. Every boy from the toddling baby, holding up by its father's knee—children are decidedly a household commodity—away back to "your revered grandmother" in her rocking-chair, loves them. No sweetmeat smothered in sugar is half so good; no aroma of dissolved confectionery is half so simple as the soft, pulpy flesh of a well-baked apple, of the right kind. It is good in milk, with bread—it is good on your plate, with breakfast, dinner, or supper—we don't "take tea" at our house. It is good every way—"rejuvenating" good—as an enthusiastic friend of ours once said of tomatoes.

Now, for the kind of apple to bake, and the choice of them in this, in the midst of the apple season. Apples have two qualities—one for eating raw, out of the hand; another for cooking, or other purposes. We cannot go into the explanation of all these things at this time, but will recur to it hereafter. Some varieties combine the perfection of the two qualities—those of eating raw and cooking. Others are good for nothing until cooked, or their juice expressed into cider. The latter we let alone for the present. We do not even propose to describe the qualities of the best apple to bake, only that they be sweet and rich. We will name a few kinds, and the seasons in which they are in perfection. They are all to be found in market in their various times of eating and cooking. Some are already past the season; but more and better ones are coming in for this and the two coming months. We will, however, mention all that occur to us, past, present, and to come, that those of our readers who intend planting may profit, if possible, by our suggestions.

First, in season, we name the Bough—early Sweet Bough some call it. It is among the earliest—being ripe in August—as it surely is the best of its season, large, fair, and yellow, with a slight blush on the side. We cannot describe it at length now. It grows freely throughout most of the northern and middle States. Next in season is the Golden Sweeting—a good sized, yellow, fair fruit, with a long stem and slightly oval shape. It is equal in flavor to the Bough, and slightly richer. It ripens early in September, when the Bough is done, and remains hard, or quite, a month in season. It is a thrifty, harder grower, and holds a wide range of climate and soil as its habitat. Soon after this comes the Jersey Sweeting—a large, red, fair apple, with drier flesh than the last, but a good baking fruit. Succeeding this comes the Lyman's Pumpkin Sweet, or Pound Sweet—very large, whitish-green in color, and plashed with slight stripes from the stem downward. Not so delicate in flavor as the first named, but excellent when ripe. Still better than either of those we have

named is the English Belle-bonne—large, yellowish green, and intensely sweet. It is the best baking apple we know; ripens in October, and will keep well cared for, until January. No sweetmeat is richer than this. We have known good molasses made from it, and it is good eaten from the hand, or made into apple-sauce, for which purpose no apple is so good. It is not a common fruit. We first saw it in New England. We have it in an orchard, and would rather spare any rarity we have than this. Next to this is the Taimen Sweeting—a medium sized, whitish-round, winter apple. Its best qualities are not developed until cooked; when it becomes a perfect sweetmeat. It will keep into May, properly put up.

These six are the best varieties of several baking apples, which now occur to us. There are, however, various local varieties of good sweet apples, which are grown in different parts of the country, perhaps equally or nearly as good as those—indeed, we know some such. But as we did not intend writing upon any particular variety of apple for baking or cooking, when we commenced, we are content with recommending the use of the sweet apple in general, as a decidedly valuable article of household economy, and leave it at that.

Tart or sub-acid apples are preferred by some for baking, but they are not so generally liked as the sweet, nor are they so nutritious. But we must stop, or we shall wander far into the details of pomology.

"Elixir, my child," said a pious old aunt to her pretty niece, who would curl her hair in beautiful ringlets, "if the Creator intended your hair to be curled, he would have done it himself." "So he did, aunt, when I was a baby, but he thinks I am big enough now to curl it myself." "Did you ever," quoth aunt, clasping her hands in astonishment, and retired to her meditations.

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